

The Fearsome Dragon Warrior Chapter 225-240

Chapter 225

“There’s finally some improvements.”

Jacob nodded approvingly as he looked at thirty young Dragon Guardians who stood in formation under the rain. Lewis Martial Arts School disciples wailed and screamed all around them.

Then, he waved his hand to dismiss the young Dragon Guardians and appeared before Timothy with a single step.

Timothy looked at Jacob and saw that not a single drop of rain touched three feet around his body. Shock appeared on his already pale face. “Is that Protective Force Field? No way!”

Jacob arched an eyebrow nonchalantly upon hearing him.

Then, he leaned down and looked at Timothy indifferently. “Listen closely because I will only say it once. I didn’t kill anyone in that detention cell.”

Timothy forced back his terror and said, “You didn’t kill him? Are you saying the Lewis Martial Arts School’s disciple in the station lied?”

“Believe whatever you want. I don’t care. But if you come here and cause trouble again, don’t think you can leave with such a minor injury.” Jacob turned around and returned to the hotel.

Soon, the hundreds of Lewis Martial Arts School disciples, who were either unconscious or groaning in pain, were the only ones who remained in the pouring rain.

“Timothy...” One of the disciples scrambled up from the ground and came to help Timothy up despite being in pain. “Those people were too powerful! Should we call three hundred backups? Perhaps three hundred is still not enough. We should call five hundred people!”

Hmph, since a hundred of us couldn’t defeat you b*stards, five hundred should do the trick!

I won’t stop at defeating you. Lewis Martial Arts School has a thousand disciples and strong connections throughout Paramount. I’m confident that we will bankrupt you in less than three days!

The disciple was from a wealthy family himself. He thought ruthlessly about how he could bring down Jacob.

“Let’s not rush it but wait for Master and big brother’s return.” Timothy’s gaze turned fierce, but he suddenly recalled how Jacob was able to prevent rain from touching him.

Protective Force Field was a standard indicator of a Grandmaster. However, even his Master, who had trained for sixty years, was barely able to reach that threshold.

Yet, Timothy saw a young man, who could not be more than twenty-four years old, using that technique. The significance of this sent chills down his spine.

Unfortunately, the rest of the disciples were too distracted by pain and the heavy rain to see what Timothy saw.

Furthermore, they were not as knowledgeable as Timothy. Thus, even if they did see it, they would not see its significance.

Meanwhile, Nataniel opened the door and left the small and dimly lit data room.

“Sir?” Rosalyn happened to be walking by. She looked at him with confusion before glancing at the door plate which said, ‘data room’. “Why were you in there?”

Nataniel’s eyes flashed. “I wanted to check some information. By the way, how’s the situation at the hotel?”

“It was alright. At least no one lost their lives.” Rosalyn looked into his eyes and continued, “Sir, I would like to remind you to not forget the reason that our Special Forces Unit exists.”

“What do you mean?” Nataniel’s mask gleamed intimidatingly.

Rosalyn replied. “The data room behind you was decommissioned last month. Did you not notice the shelves filled with useless things and trash?”

Then, she looked at him and shook her head slightly. “Sir, don’t play with fire. If the senior leaders find out about...”

Nataniel said sternly, “You are not in the position to criticize my actions!”

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“Sir, do as you see fit!” Rosalyn seemed disappointed and walked away.

“Do as I see fit? Hmph, I don’t need a woman like you to comment on my actions!” Nataniel had a displeased expression beneath his mask.

Meanwhile, the rain gradually receded outside the Pavillion.

Timothy glanced around at their humiliating condition. He gritted his teeth and ordered, "Let's go!" Then, he proceeded to walk in the direction they came from.

"Timothy?" Some of the disciples were confused.

Lewis Martial Arts School existed for many years and had fought in numerous battles without ever losing. But losing did not scare them. They knew not to give up even if they lose, and they could always call more people to help win the next battle.

However, this time, Timothy said nothing but ordered everyone to leave. How could this group of people, who were used to dominating Spring Street, bear with such indignity?

Sensing none of them following him, Timothy turned around, glared at them, and said sternly, "Do my orders mean nothing?"

The band of sworn brothers noticed something wrong with Timothy's expression. Thus, they forced themselves to bear the pain and began to follow him.

Timothy saw how dejected everyone was and sighed to himself. Perhaps ignorance is bliss. If all of you knew the significance of that young man's Protective Force Field, none of you would dare to fight them again.

Their powers are beyond human. It is impossible to defeat them even if we call for more people to back us up.

His heart thumped with a sudden realization as he thought about this. Why would a young Grandmaster capable of creating Protective Force Field bother to murder an insignificant thug who had only trained in the basic techniques for a few years?

Even if Braxton offended Jacob, Jacob could stealthily shoot him dead with a slap in the air. Why would he need to use a dagger?

Does this mean the disciple at the station lied? What does he stand to gain by lying?

Timothy's expression was solemn as he walked in the rain. His eyes flashed coldly.

Meanwhile, in an opulent room in the Pavillion, Jacob and Jerry stood together and quietly observed Timothy leading one hundred Lewis Martial Arts School disciples away. They had arrived with arrogance and pride but left in shame.

"What a joke!" Jerry sneered.

Jacob's eyes flashed coldly. "There are many people in Paramount who can't wait to see us make a fool of ourselves."

“Make a fool of ourselves?” Jerry smiled proudly and continued, “Sir, just wait and see! I will make those people revere me!”

Tap, tap, tap! Noises of high heels against the floor came closer and stopped before Jacob and Jerry.

“Sir!” Willow came into sight with her alluring figure, filling the air with her gentle fragrance. However, she had an annoyed expression as she said, “Central Federation’s Aviation Administration Department rejected my flight permit application.”

“Did you hear that? Someone is not only waiting to see our humiliation but personally causing us trouble to create more drama.” Jacob glanced at Jerry calmly.

“How dare they reject our flight permit application?” Jerry’s eyes flashed intimidatingly.

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After a pause, Jerry looked at Willow and said, “Willow, have you talked to Edwin? He owes us a big favor.”

“I have.” Willow frowned helplessly. “Mr. Townsend said the congressman controlling the Aviation Administration Department is his rival. Thus, his hands are tied.”

Jacob waved his hand. “It would be nice to have help, but we are not concerned even if there is none. What made them think rejecting our flight permit application would stop our people from coming here?”

“You’re right!” Jerry arched an eyebrow. “Unless Central Federation seals itself up fully, we will always be able to bring in any number of people we want.”

Willow looked at him and nodded gently. “I will leave you to arrange to bring people here. On the other hand, I have to take charge of reorganizing this hotel.”

Jacob considered for a moment and said calmly, “It will continue to bring inconveniences if we continue to use this hotel as the Scarlet Dragons’ headquarters. Willow, once we have finished dealing with the matter concerning the Meteorites, you need to arrange to build new headquarters as soon as possible.”

“No problem, sir.” Willow nodded. “We managed to get some money from that gang of sly old men. It should be enough to build new headquarters.”

“Those old men...” Jacob’s brow twitched with annoyance.

Meanwhile, in an opulent office on the top floor of Paramount Chamber of Commerce’s building at Gallard Street, the gang of sly old men Willow mentioned had gathered for wine and tea.

“Heh, it’s an insignificant chamber of commerce that came from the outer districts. While they have some capital, it’s not worth our attention.”

A prominent entrepreneur had a look of disdain as he leaned against the couch, holding a glass of red wine.

Two days ago, he had proposed a business joint venture worth twenty billion to the Draco Chamber of Commerce. However, Willow had rejected it immediately.

Thus, the entrepreneur felt humiliated and bore a grudge against Willow and the Draco Chamber of Commerce.

He happened to be friends with the second in command of the Aviation Administration Department. When he heard that Willow was applying for a flight permit, he made a call and got her application rejected.

He glanced around and saw that everyone, including Benny, the president of Paramount Chamber of Commerce, only smiled but say nothing. Thus, he pursed his lips and turned to Kennedy who sat alone. “Kennedy, what do you think? Don’t you agree with me?”

Kennedy glanced at him and smiled coldly. “Outsiders are detestable, but friends are even more abominable. They greet you with a smile and stab you in the back. How shameless!”

The atmosphere in the office turned awkward. A few people even appeared uncomfortable.

Among them were an owner of a major bank, a shipping tycoon, and a director of a big business that controlled half of the market for raw materials supply in Paramount.

Previously, in order to obtain friendship – or more accurately, benefits – with Draco Chamber of Commerce, these people acted on Willow’s hints and plotted against the Fest family.

Since Kennedy brought up the matter directly during their gathering, it was natural that these people felt nervous.

Benny was the one who called for tonight’s meeting. Sensing the tense atmosphere, he smiled and waved his hand. “Kennedy, let’s not bring up the past. Let me judge the matter. You will be given one percent of the future total profit as compensation for the loss you suffered due to Draco Chamber of Commerce.

“One percent?” Kennedy frowned. “Benny, don’t you know how much that seized oil alone was worth? I’m afraid one percent is not enough.”

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"We have nothing to do with the seized oil." One of the entrepreneurs grumbled.

"Who knows if that's true?" Kennedy's gaze turned cold. He looked imposing as he said, "One percent is too little. I need at least ten!"

"Ten percent? You must have gone crazy thinking about money!" A bad-tempered entrepreneur scolded, "The total investment is about one hundred billion, and you are asking for a tenth of the profit. The amount of money could crush you to death!"

Kennedy glanced at him. "I'm starving for money. Not just a tenth. I have no problem gobbling up half of the profit!"

"How greedy!"

"Don't even dream about it! You think we are stupid?"

"Our time is precious. We didn't come here to listen to Kennedy's nonsense!"

The meeting had gone out of hand. Benny's expression turned stern as he scolded, "You are all adults. Stop squabbling like children! Silence!"

Since the leader had spoken, no one could disobey. Thus, everyone, including Kennedy, immediately stopped quarreling.

Benny glanced around and paused his gaze on Kennedy for an extra second. Then, he looked away and said solemnly, "Years ago, we set up this chamber of commerce with the aim of helping each other and growing together. But in recent years, I noticed some of you have gone overboard."

He paused briefly before continuing, "Kennedy, what about this? You can have two percent. Give me a nod and the money shall be sent to Arture Group."

"Only two billion?" Kennedy frowned. "That won't even cover my loss. No, I need at least three percent!"

The bad-tempered entrepreneur from before shouted, "Three percent? Do you have no shame?"

"Enough!" Benny glared at everyone. The office instantly fell silent. "Kennedy, two and a half percent. I can't offer more than this."

"Fine, I'll take two and a half percent. But I'm only accepting this out of consideration of our relationship." Kennedy nodded, but he still seemed dissatisfied.

“That’s settled then.” Once the last objecting person nodded, Benny tapped on the table and said, “Looking at the present development, if Draco Chamber of Commerce doesn’t do anything in three days, we will mobilize Paramount Chamber of Commerce to gobble it up!”

An impatient entrepreneur protested, “I think you are being too cautious. Why must we wait for three days? Paramount Chamber of Commerce has enough power to get rid of Willow in a day!”

“Don’t be impatient. The marketplace is like a battlefield. We should give the Meteorites some time to test out Draco Chamber of Commerce.” Benny’s eyes flashed with a devious gleam.

“Speaking of the Meteorites…” One of the entrepreneurs frowned sadly. “I’ve been cheated about one billion!”

“I’ve lost one hundred million more than you!” Another entrepreneur sighed.

Everyone who had attended the charity auction turned furious.

Kennedy remembered he had lost 250 million. His expression darkened as he said, “Hmph, they are a bunch of robbers. I’m going to ask Soaring Eagles to wipe them out one day!”

Hearing him, a few of the entrepreneurs pursed their lips in disdain. Soaring Eagles is a mighty army that guards the frontier. It is not something for a mere businessman like you to order around!

However, these people later remembered Kennedy’s eldest son’s father-in-law was one of the four deputy commanders. Thus, they quickly concealed their disdain.

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Meanwhile, in the Pavillion, Jacob played with his daughter for a while and watched Moira coax her to sleep. Then, he left the room under Moira’s watchful gaze.

Various parties acted in secret during the night. Soon, the night was over.

The following morning, two visitors entered the hotel lobby.

They made wide strides with every step they took. A female Shadow Ranger, acting temporarily as a concierge, narrowed her eyes slightly as she said, “My apologies, sir. The hotel is under renovation, so we are temporarily closed.”

“I’m here to look for a Mr. Lynch.” Ludwig’s eyes flashed briefly. “I have something urgent to tell him.”

Two minutes later, at the gym on the eighteenth floor. Jacob was easily lifting blocks of weight totaling four hundred and twenty pounds. He asked, "Did you say two people from Mount Everest Sword Association are here?"

Jacob considered briefly before putting down the handle and leaving.

Krish sat beside Master Ludwig in a small meeting room. He glanced around and whispered, "Master Ludwig, do you think he will agree?"

"He has no choice." Ludwig pursed his lips and continued, "The Meteorites are a bunch of lunatics. He needs to depend on us if he wishes to survive."

Depend on you?

Jacob came to the meeting room door. He heard the confident words from within and smirked.

Jerry, who followed behind him, sneered mockingly.

Then, Jacob opened the meeting room door and went in. He glanced at the two men and asked, "What is the important matter you wanted to talk to me about?"

Ludwig and Krish were surprised when Jacob and Jerry opened the door and entered. They did not hear any footsteps or noises of breathing before this.

Are they not ordinary humans? Why did I not notice before?

That's right. If they were ordinary humans, how could they infuriate the Meteorites and remain alive after the Meteorites' first wave of attack?

However, they definitely won't survive the Meteorite's second wave of attack.

Ludwig was the top fighter of Mount Everest Sword Association and had battled the Meteorites a few times. Thus, he was confident about what he knew concerning the Meteorites.

He looked at Jacob and said, "Mr. Lynch, do you know you have caused a calamity?"

"Oh, may I ask what that calamity is?" Jacob arched his eyebrows.

Ludwig looked up slightly, "To be honest, I am surprised to find out that you were able to escape from Eidolon's Blood Prison. But..."

His gaze turned stern as he said, "Eidolon is the weakest of the Four Supreme Masters. Even though you managed to survive his attack, there is only one possible outcome if you face the other three Masters – death."

“Is that all you wanted to tell me?” Jacob remained unbothered.

Ludwig frowned and appeared unhappy with Jacob’s attitude.

Then, he remembered his goal and had no choice but to suppress his impatience, and said, “Do not ignore my warning. The Meteorites are much more powerful than you imagined. However, don’t fret, Mount Everest Sword Association will help you.”

Hearing this, Jerry could not resist a smirk and said, “But there is a condition that we return Ancient Jade Bronze Sword to you, right?”

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“That’s right.” Ludwig nodded. “Once you hand over Ancient Jade Bronze Sword to me, I guarantee Mount Everest Sword Association will protect you.”

Jerry glanced at Jacob before saying to Ludwig, “What if Ancient Jade Bronze Sword is gone? What will you do?”

“Gone? What do you mean?” Ludwig frowned.

“Exactly what I said.” Jerry shrugged. “It’s gone. The sword fell with an armed helicopter and exploded.”

“That’s impossible!” Krish could not help but frown and shout, “Ancient Jade Bronze Sword is one of the three greatest swords in Mount Everest Sword Association. It survived thousands of years without a scratch. How could it be damaged so easily? You must have wanted to keep it for yourself. There’s no need to create such a stupid lie!”

Jacob glanced at Ludwig. “You believe whatever you want. If that is all, I’ll take my leave. I have other matters to attend to.”

Ludwig could not believe Ancient Jade Bronze Sword was gone. His expression turned solemn, and he said with a frown, “You think you are strong, but the Meteorites are stronger. Right now, we are the only ones willing to help you.”

Jacob looked at Ludwig and Krish before saying briefly, “Wait here.”

After some time, a series of footsteps approached the door. Then, a voice sounded. “Sir, I heard someone came to bother us.”

Ocho walked in as he spoke and immediately noticed Ludwig. His eyes brightened as he said, “Isn’t this the fellow who knows Sword Finger technique?”

“It’s you?” Ludwig narrowed his eyes slightly.

They had only had a brief spar before this, but Ocho had left Ludwig with a deep impression.

“Wait, are you all a team?” Ludwig narrowed his gaze when he saw Ocho standing behind Jacob.

That’s right. Jacob has such a skilled fighter. No wonder they could force Eidolon to retreat.

However, Ludwig had only watched what happened from afar. Thus, he did not know Eidolon had not retreated, but had died.

If he had known, he would not have been as confident as he was now.

Jacob sensed the tension between Ocho and Ludwig. “Do you know each other?”

“Yes sir.” Ocho answered respectfully. “We sparred briefly during the Meteorites’ first attack.”

Then, he glanced at Ludwig and said, “After that day, I was wondering when I could spar with him again.”

“Good that you like it.” Jacob did not explicitly give permission or refuse.

Ocho smirked and seemed eager to fight. “What do you say? Why don’t we have a spar now?”

“Master Ludwig...” Krish gently tugged Ludwig’s shirt hem. He looked anxious.

Ludwig glanced at him, indicating that he did not have to worry. Then, he looked away and said, “I just want to bring back the master sword of Mount Everest Sword Association.”

“What master sword?” Ocho arched his eyebrows with annoyance.

“He is talking about this.” A voice sounded from the doorway. It was Jerry. He walked into the room with a clear bag.

Ocho looked at the bag’s content curiously. “Is that the remains of the sword Jacob shattered with a single strike?”

“What?” Ludwig’s eyes shone with fury. “What remains are you talking about?”

“This.” Jerry waved the bag in his hand. “This is all that’s left of Ancient Jade Bronze Sword.”

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“Bring it here!” Ludwig widened his eyes threateningly.

Jerry frowned and glanced at him. He pursed his lips and handed the clear plastic bag to Ludwig.

Ludwig was too impatient to wait for it. He reached out and snatched it away.

Then, he opened the bag and took out a charred object that looked like a sword hilt. He released a ray of energy into it.

“Master Ludwig, what is this? Is it really the sword?” Krish asked nervously.

After a moment, Ludwig’s eyes burned furiously. “How dare you destroy the master sword of Mount Everest Sword Association!”

Jacob looked at Ludwig’s furious expression coldly.

Jerry stepped forward and shouted, “Nonsense. We spent fifty million on this sword at an auction. You didn’t contribute a single cent. How dare you behave as if we owe you?”

“Why? Do you wish to fight? Hehe, I’m more than happy to have a spar!” Ocho took a step forward. His body surged with a burning desire to fight, intimidating Ludwig and Krish.

“Fight us if you dare. We are not scared of you!” Krish was young and arrogant. He charged recklessly and raised his fingers.

Swoosh! Formless energy gathered around his fingers and formed a finger-length sword.

“My turn!” Ocho was excited. He swung his shoulder and right hand while vibrating his wrist at high speed. This released waves of energy that gathered speedily and formed an invisible long cloth.

Initially, Krish was able to move the finger-length sword at a rapid speed. However, once it got caught in the invisible cloth, his movements became sluggish as it was hard to move. It was like a moth that had fallen into a pot of glue.

Within a few seconds, the finger-length sword ran out of energy and disappeared into the air.

Ocho looked at Krish. “Do you have any other techniques? Feel free to attack me.”

Krish gritted his teeth. His face was flushed.

The technique just now was beyond his usual level. Thus, he had used up all the energy within his body. Even standing required tremendous effort.

Ludwig patted Krish's shoulder gently and quietly channeled a little energy into his body.

Krish instantly felt refreshed. He took a deep breath and got ready to fight again.

However, Ludwig watched Ocho closely and ordered, "Krish, step back. You are no match against him."

"Yes, Master Ludwig." Although Krish was unwilling, he knew he was far from Ocho's level. Thus, he glared at Jacob and the others before retreating a few steps.

Ludwig's eyes were burning with fury. He took a deep breath and looked down at the Ancient Jade Bronze Sword fragment in his hand. He did not speak for some time.

After a while, he narrowed his eyes. His expression was solemn, but his tone was cold. "The failure of my ancestors caused the master sword of Mount Everest Sword Association to remain lost for hundreds of years. Now, my failure has led to its destruction!"

Energy swirled in the air.

Ludwig widened his eyes ferociously. At the same time, lightning flashed across the sky. "I desire nothing except that you punish these people. Please!"

Suddenly, dangerous energy filled the air. Crack! Crack! Numerous tiny cracks appeared on the walls and floors.

"Let's have another round!" Ocho waved his fist excitedly.

He smashed his fist through the air. The immense energy on his fist instantly shattered the numerous sword fingers hovering in the air.

Next, Ocho and Ludwig charged at each other. Their fierce battle sent debris flying and shook the whole floor.

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"Go ahead." Looking at the corridor, the walls, and the ground that had become a mess in a split second, Jerry let out a gentle sigh. "Since it has to be renovated again."

Jacob looked at the time and furrowed his brows slightly.

Raising his head to see that the two were evenly matched, he turned to leave. "Jerry, you're in charge. I should be sending my daughter to kindergarten."

"Boss, I haven't had my breakfast!" Jerry glanced indifferently at the two who were brawling before stroking his stomach.

On one side, Krish unblinkingly watched the fight between Master Ludwig and Ocho. Hearing the conversation between the two, there was a wave of unhappiness in his heart.

Can't you respect others! They'll die if they're not careful! He gripped his fists tightly as he let out a silent roar.

"Anyway, it's in your hands." Jacob waved and left without turning back.

Jerry blinked and nodded dejectedly. "Alright, Boss."

Once Jacob's figure disappeared around the corner, Jerry suddenly widened his eyes and shouted loudly, "Ocho, if you don't finish this within three minutes, I'll tell Tres what you did three months ago."

"Please don't, Mr. Locker!" Ocho panicked and the expression on his face became solemn in an instant. "I promise I'll finish this battle within three minutes!"

Finish the battle within three minutes?

Ludwig saw red. He reversed the energy within him upwards and through the chamber before releasing it through a point on his middle finger.

The boundless energy of the sword was like a fine but heavy net. It covered Ocho from top to bottom.

He can actually do something like this!

Ocho's eyes flashed and the Battle Qi within him cascaded out ferociously like lava from a volcano eruption. With a buzz, the air vibrated. The boundless energy of the sword that was so powerful it could even go through gold or silver, vanished instantly.

"It's my turn!"

With a gentle cry, he put his left foot forward and got into a stance so that he could flex the muscles on his right arm. Battle Qi blasted out powerfully with his fist.

Bang. There was an explosion. A strong draft flooded the entire corridor harshly.

There was a crash, and the walls broke down. The ceiling of the corridor and particles of dust came crumbling down.

Boom boom boom. Ludwig took several steps back. He left a few clear footprints on the flat surface that were half a finger deep.

Splat. He spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. It splashed on the ground, creating an image of scattered red plum blossoms.

“Master Ludwig!” Krish cried out in alarm with a slightly pale face.

Ludwig was half-kneeling on the ground with a disappointed face. “I’ve lost!”

Pulling back his fist, Ocho turned his head and said with a forced smile, “Mr. Locker, not even ten seconds have passed. I went above and beyond your orders, didn’t I?”

Jerry rolled his eyes. “Are you fighting or taking this house apart?” Seeing the corridor in front of him that looked like a tornado had gone through, Ocho was dumbstruck.

“Willow is going to be looking for you.” With that, Jerry turned to leave.

“Please don’t, Mr. Locker!” Ocho’s neck contracted. “I only lost control momentarily and destroyed this place to obey your orders!”

Thinking about the shrewd President Willow looking for him, he felt like the money in his pocket was about to sprout wings and fly away.

“Don’t blame this on me!” Jerry turned his head. A trace of a mischievous smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. “The Dragon Guardians can and must only listen to the boss. I’m only a messenger, I can’t order you around.”

“I…” Ocho was about to curse but held himself back after thinking about it.

He had no other way. Jerry was one of the three heads in the Scarlet Dragons. How could he be so shameless and confident?

At the other side, Krish was helping his Master Ludwig up. There was an unimaginable rage in his eyes.

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In the messy corridor, Krish propped up a pale Ludwig. The anger in his eyes slowly went away as he said in a cold voice, “We will admit defeat because our skills are not up to par. But we must take revenge on you for destroying the master sword of Mount Everest Sword Association!”

Hearing that, Ocho, who was silently counting how much money he would be penalized, raised his brows to glance at him. "You should be thankful and grateful."

They were in Central Federation, where the Scarlet Dragons had yet to stand firm on their own two feet. Otherwise, with the tyrannical ways of the Scarlet Dragons in the Four Outer Districts, Ludwig wouldn't be left with just a few injuries.

Ludwig spat out a breath of stale air. A flash of indignation flashed across his eyes. As for Krish, who was supporting Ludwig, he glared at Ocho furiously and seethed in anger.

Thankful? Grateful? Be thankful that we lost without dying? Be grateful that you showed us mercy? Humiliation! This was plain humiliation!

Ludwig got up slowly with a dark expression and said in a cold voice, "I, Ludwig Juan, am only an insignificant swordsman in Mount Everest Sword Association. I have no excuses for losing. But in a few days, the president and elders from Mount Everest Sword Association will look for you in person. I hope you'll be so kind as to enlighten them when the time comes!"

"Your president and your elders will be coming?" Ocho's eyes gleamed a little and his breathing quickened.

To be honest, he rather admired the sword skills of Mount Everest Sword Association. Their martial arts were subtle, unlike the reckless gangs in the Four Outer Districts. Other than their innate abilities, they could only depend on their thick skin. After a while, it was tiring to fight them.

There was a trace of smugness on Krish's face. "Hmph, are you scared now? Mount Everest Sword Association..."

"I'm afraid that those who coming will be too weak. It won't be satisfying to fight them." Ocho rolled his eyes at Krish from the side.

"You!" Krish's expression froze before his face turned red in fury.

Ludwig waved his hand. "Krish, stop flaunting the skills of your tongue. Let's go."

"Alright, Master Ludwig." After agreeing respectfully, Krish glared at Ocho fiercely, then supported Ludwig as they walked slowly to the doors of the elevator.

Seeing the both of them walk into the elevator, Ocho reached out his hand to scratch the back of his head. "Did we just start a feud with a local group?"

After a moment's silence, his mouth twitched and he muttered disapprovingly, "So what if we offended them? Since there's no peace anyway, I'll use my fists to achieve it. Haven't we always done it like this anyway?"

Suite No. 1 was one of the best suites among the four presidential suites at The Pavillion, regardless of interior decoration or service.

At this time, in a small room that wasn't bigger than thirty square meters in Suite No. 1, Jacob was holding a pretty outfit while speaking in a gentle voice to his daughter who was hiding in the covers. "Heidi, be a good girl. Come and wear your clothes."

"I don't want to, I don't want to!" A young, muffled voice came from the covers.

His brows trembled a little and his expression was one of frustration. Even an obedient and adorable daughter was naughty and disobedient at times.

With a gentle click, the room door opened, and a wisp of fragrance wafted in immediately.

Jacob turned his head in response to the noise.

Seeing Moira walk into the room with a lovely, flushed face and hair that was still damp, his brows wrinkled a little. "It's not good to take a shower in the morning, especially for women."

Moira puffed her breast out and crinkled her beautiful nose. She rolled her eyes. "It isn't any of your business!"

"I was just giving you a suggestion for your health."

Jacob shrugged. Then, he looked at his daughter with frustration, who was under the covers and scrambling around like a rat. "It's good that you're here. If she doesn't put on her clothes soon, she'll be late for school."

"The kindergarten belongs to you, and you're afraid that Heidi Buddy will be late?"

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Moira glanced at him from the side. She walked to the bedside and lifted a corner of the soft and fluffy cover. She bent down and reached out her right hand to grab hold of one of Heidi's legs and dragged her out.

Looking at the surprising and alluring hipline and the snow-white, delicate body that appeared before him, Jacob's eyes flashed, and he looked away quickly.

Completely unaware that she had exposed herself, Moira sat on the bed. She raised her left hand and with a smack, slapped it down on Heidi's butt.

Jacob panicked. "It's just putting on clothes. Why did you hit my daughter?"

"Do you want to do it?" Moira said with disdain while glancing at him.

The kid got a slap but didn't feel wronged at all. In fact, she crawled out from the bed, threw herself into Moira's arms, and chattered on affectionately. "Hehe, Aunty, why are you here?"

Moira's eyebrows were a straight line. She scolded Heidi in a fierce but delicate manner, "Hurry up and put on your clothes. Otherwise, I'll spank you!"

"Okay."

The kid pouted in response. Her little body straightened up and she walked to Jacob. With a reluctant but adorable expression, she straightened her small, soft, and fair arms.

Seeing his daughter's cute appearance, Jacob grinned happily, then took the chance to quickly put on the kid's clothes.

That was tough! He couldn't help but sigh as he carried her down from the bed after dressing her.

Moira reached her hand out to stroke Heidi's head, then suddenly said, "I've decided to leave my job."

Jacob glanced at her. "Why? Is there someone in the company who's jealous of you and deliberately picking on you?"

Moira picked at her brows. A trace of smugness appeared at the corner of her lips. "I'm a natural beauty. It's impossible for that gang of flirtatious bimbos to not be jealous of me."

He wrinkled his brow a little. "Watch your language. My daughter is around. Don't teach her the wrong things."

Heidi raised her head to look at both of them. Her pitch-black pupils moved between both of them rapidly.

Moira rolled her eyes at Jacob resentfully. She paused then waved her hand. "Anyway, I'm going to submit my letter of resignation later."

After a moment's silence, Jacob said firmly, "If it's because of me, then there's completely no need for you to resign. We have years of friendship. It's only natural for me to take care of you too."

"I don't have any friendship with you!" Moira frowned.

There was a sliver of a faint smile at the corner of Jacob's mouth. "Really? Who was the one who kept following me and Naeve around back then? And couldn't be chased away?"

"I can't believe you have the nerve to mention that!" Moira glanced at him sharply. "Who was the one who always lied to me, telling me that Naeve had already gone home? Second Aunt always blamed me!"

Jacob's eyes flashed a little. "Did Naeve's parents know about what happened back then between the two of us?"

"Hmph, what do you think?" Moira rolled her eyes. "Back then, Second Aunt entrusted me to be on my guard and look after the two of you. But even with me keeping guard, in the end, this little thing still came about!"

While she spoke, she used her finger to poke Heidi's head, whose head was raised as she listened to the two adults speak.

"Aunty, I'm not a little thing!" The kid reached her hand out to cover her soft white forehead. She pouted and blurted out, "I'm about to turn six!"

"Yes, I can't imagine my daughter turning six in a few months..." Jacob looked down at his daughter with a sad expression.

"If Naeve was still around..." A nostalgic expression slowly appeared on his face.

Chapter 235

"If I had stood on Naeve's side and supported her back then, that period of time wouldn't have been so difficult for her, and maybe in the end..." The rims of Moira's eyes were slightly red.

A sliver of sadness streaked across Jacob's eyes. "You were only a child back then, even if..."

"You're the child!" Moira gritted her teeth and puffed her chest up high.

"Alright, alright. I'm the child, you're the adult." Seeing the beautiful face in front of him that was full of indignation, he dropped it and admitted defeat.

I can't anger a beautiful woman.

"Hehe!" Seeing Jacob's exasperated face, Heidi's brows curved as she let out a crisp laugh.

"How dare you laugh at Daddy, watch me take care of you!" He glared and pretended to be angry as he bent down to carry his daughter. He lifted his arms, and his kid was flying high.

In the end, Moira stopped them because she couldn't look on any longer. She was afraid the father and daughter would play until the sky darkened.

At the same time, inside the luxurious master bedroom of Suite No. 1, Suzie lay on the big, soft bed and stretched her body with a satisfied expression.

"Ah, it isn't a super five-star hotel for nothing. Just the bed is half the size of our bedroom at home!" There was a laidback air about her, and she turned over contentedly.

"Be careful of your stomach!" Franklin, who was by the bed, reminded her quickly, "you're almost at your due date. Can't you be more careful, Suzie?"

"What?" Suzie stared at him with her almond eyes.

Franklin's eyes trembled slightly. "Uh, what I meant was, this bed is too soft. Be careful when you turn over, in case you can't get up."

"Hmph!" A contented snort escaped the corner of Suzie's lips.

After a while, she blinked. Her delicate face was frosty, and she feigned anger in a coy manner. "Franklin, you're calling me a tortoise in a roundabout manner!"

"No, I definitely didn't mean that!" Franklin waved his hands in panic with a mocking expression.

A few moments later, he broke into a run and left the bedroom after dressing neatly.

"Richard just took on some management work for the Tower. I'm going over to help him out. Let Jay arrange for people to send you back later."

"I don't want to go back!" Suzie said in a pampered tone as she lay on the bed and looked at her husband's figure. "I heard that there's a spa for pregnant women here. I want to try it out. Come and pick me up when you're done."

"Alright." Franklin's voice was heard faintly outside the bedroom.

A few minutes later in the lobby of the hotel, Jacob, who was holding his daughter's hand, turned his head to see his father walk out. "Where are you going so early in the morning?"

Franklin walked over to stroke his granddaughter's braid, then smiled and said, "I'm going to take a look at the Tower."

"Should I arrange for someone to send you?" Jacob asked as he carried his daughter.

Without waiting for a reply from his father, he acted on his own accord and said, "It won't be very peaceful these two days. Let me get someone here to go with you."

Thinking about what had happened the night before, Franklin's face darkened as he nodded.

After calling Ocho over to send his father to Oriental Tower, Jacob stood in front of his new Land Rover and raised his eyebrows at Moira who wasn't far away. "Get in. Even if you want to resign, you should do it in person."

Heidi stuck half her body out of the car and waved. She said in a baby voice, "Aunty, come in quick. It's so big inside!"

"Careful! You're going to fall out." Moira glared at the kid before twisting her slender waistline in their direction.

Before getting in the car, she stuck out her delicate nose slightly as she said in a tender voice, "I was thinking about it, and I've decided not to quit. Although I know my own capabilities, it's a job where the pay is high, there is good career development, and my boss is a woman. It's not easy to find a job like that."

Chapter 236

"Whatever you like." Jacob smiled as he opened the door and got in the car.

After sending Moira to work, he rushed to his daughter's kindergarten to drop her off before class started.

As compared to the day before, the security was not only tighter, but there were also two Dragon Guardians keeping watch. Under normal circumstances, it was enough to cope with most sudden circumstances.

After sending his daughter to the classroom and seeing her learn in class with the other children for a while, Jacob was in a cheerful mood as he went back to the Pavillion.

About half an hour later, the light quickly darkened as his figure appeared in a modern office with various technological elements.

There was a rustle and suddenly, a tall, straight, and muscular figure floated in the air around one meter off the ground of the office.

Seeing the figure that was floating in mid-air, Jacob frowned and asked, "Black, are you ready?"

The leader of three hundred Dragon Guardians, Andres, who also led the martial arts division of the Scarlet Dragons, said respectfully, "Sir, everything is prepared. After today, the Meteorites, who had the nerve to offend you, sir, will become history!"

Jacob's fingers tapped the silvery-white desk. After muttering to himself for a while, he said in a cold voice, "Fight across the districts and prioritize information. Jerry, you must take note of this."

At one side, Jerry nodded. "Don't worry, Boss. There still isn't much information about the mysterious Meteorites because of the short notice, but there is comprehensive information about the other three Masters."

Jerry puffed up his chest and a deadly look flashed across his eyes before he continued, "I am eighty percent sure that we can completely eradicate the organization of the so-called Meteorites."

Jacob shook his head. "No. I want it to succeed one hundred percent."

"Boss is right," Willow nodded, "We don't know who is looking at us secretly and openly in Paramount. By doing this, not only do we have to win, but we also need to have a big victory!"

On her fair cheeks that were filled with heroic spirit, a grave expression appeared. "Otherwise, it isn't enough to intimidate certain people."

"It's just killing people. I'm good at doing that." In the 3D projection, Andres' killing intent arose.

Jacob nodded. "Willow and Jerry will oversee Paramount. Gerald will be on standby. As for me..."

His eyes glistened sharply. "I need to personally evaluate who they call The Emperor."

The three heads of the Scarlet Dragons, along with Gerald, Jacob's personal bodyguard, bent their heads and beat their chests gently with their right hands while replying in deep voices, "Yes, sir!"

Time passed quietly. It was already afternoon in the blink of an eye.

Jacob, who was conserving his strength and energy in Suite No. 2 of the Pavillion, suddenly heard the sound of footsteps approaching quickly.

He opened both his eyes and a wisp of light slid across him. He waved his hand and opened the door of the room from a distance.

“Boss.” Jerry walked in with a slightly dark expression.

Jacob slowly let out a long sigh before asking, “What happened?”

“Just now...” The killing intent in Jerry’s eyes increased sharply. “I received news that someone is planning to make a move on Mr. Lynch’s Tower!”

“Who?” Jacob asked softly. The air froze.

“An administrator in one of the State Capital’s governing offices.” Jerry gazed fixedly. “The newly appointed director of the State Capital’s office is Albert Mondez.”

“Albert Mondez!” Jacob looked up a little. Frost appeared at the tip of his brow. “Jaylen Mondez’s uncle?”

“Yes, Boss. That’s him. The head of the Mondez family, Albert Mondez.” Jerry pursed his lips.

“Hehe, very good. I didn’t come looking for you, so you made your move first.” Jacob laughed thickly then stood up straight. “Let’s go, we’re going to Oriental Tower.”

Chapter 237

Although it was just an ordinary afternoon, there were many people at Oriental Tower as usual, and business was going well.

Standing on the third floor and seeing people come in wave after wave, Richard was quite excited. “Mr. Lynch, with the foot traffic of our Tower, I can be sure that we’ll have a pure profit of at least five million this month!”

“It’s not easy!” Franklin said regretfully. “Mr. Ramirez, do you know how much funding was invested to attract so many people here?”

Richard had just taken over the Tower and had yet to take a look at financial reports. He furrowed his brows a little and asked, “How much?”

“It’s not much.” A distressed but proud expression appeared on Franklin’s face. “It’s only ten times the pure profit you mentioned just now.”

“Fifty million!” Richard let out a gasp.

Before his family was hit with misfortune, the total of his family's assets was around fifty million. In just a few short days, they threw out the equivalent of what the Ramirez family was worth back then?

He pursed his mouth, and his eyes were filled with admiration when he looked at Franklin. "Mr. Lynch, sure enough, the way you conduct business is so impressive!"

"What's so impressive!" Franklin waved his hand. "Do you think I'm not distressed about it? But Jay doesn't care about this. He just arranged for the money to be spilled out in large amounts!"

"So..." Richard frowned and praised Jacob. "Jay is the one with courage. It truly is the principle of never catching the wolf if one is not prepared to risk his child."

"It'll be easier for you to say that I have no ability as a father." Franklin gave him a sideways glance.

"How could I say that!" Richard shook his head. "After all, you brought up such a courageous son. That's your ability, isn't it?"

"That sounds like a compliment..." Franklin wrinkled his brow. "But coming from you, why don't I feel good after hearing it?"

Richard suppressed his laughter and said with a serious face, "Mr. Lynch, I mean well. You must have misheard."

Franklin was infuriated. "Hmph, Mr. Ramirez, I didn't think someone as lively as you would have learned to..."

Before he could finish speaking, in the corner of his eye, he saw a team of people, dressed in uniform from relevant departments, walk into the Tower.

Richard's brows slowly wrinkled as he saw those them. "Firefighting, security, food hygiene. Why did so many departments join forces and come here?"

"Mr. Ramirez, what's bad is if they come with bad intentions!" Franklin thought of what his son had said. 'It won't be very peaceful these two days.'

"I'll head down to take a look." With that, Richard rushed down in a hurry.

Ten minutes later, Jacob and Jerry were still on the way to Oriental Tower. At that point, not only had the customers left, but even those who were merchants in the Tower were chased out.

At the entrance of the Tower, Franklin and Richard were silent but extremely furious after seeing that the doors had been sealed.

With a swish, one of the staff members brought out a document that was freshly stamped in bright red ink and said arrogantly, "This is a written notice restricting you from making any rectifications. Keep it well and go to the District Office's Rectification Division in the afternoon to pay the penalty."

"There's a penalty?" Richard scowled.

"Of course." That staff member glanced at him. "If you pay the fine after the due date, there will be a daily penalty of one percent of the overdue fine for less serious cases. For serious cases, the person in charge of the Tower will be held accountable in prison."

"Don't ever think that you'll be lucky!" With that, the staff member led his people away pompously.

Standing around the entrance of the Tower were those who were chased out.

Chapter 238

"Mr. Lynch, tell us, what happened?" Multiple merchants who did business in the Tower surrounded them with faces full of distress.

Some merchants cried out unhappily, "Mr. Lynch, we rented stores from you. Now the Tower is sealed shut. You owe us an explanation!"

"That's right! I just received goods worth hundreds of thousands for my store. If we can't open up and work as usual, my whole family has nothing to eat!"

"What he said! Mr. Lynch, with the promotion going on these two days in the Tower, you told us to prepare our goods, but now..."

"Everybody, listen to me!" After noticing that the merchants of the Tower weren't feeling very happy, Richard waved his hands and shouted, "Trust me. The closure of the Tower is only temporary. Keep calm, everyone. Mr. Lynch and I will find a way to solve this."

"Empty talk is easy. What's important are actions!" There were merchants who were deeply worried.

"Hmph, it's hopeless. Three departments have been dispatched. There's no other way about it!" A sharp voice suddenly rang out in the crowd.

"That won't do! There are goods worth millions in my store!" A merchant cried out.

"Mr. Lynch, you have to compensate us for our losses since the Tower is sealed shut!" The sharp voice rang out again.

"That's right! Compensation! You must compensate us!"

Noticing that the crowd was about to lose control, Franklin took a deep breath in then bellowed, "Everyone, you need to have faith in me. Please go back and wait for news. I promise that I will give everyone an answer in three days at the latest."

"Three days? Hmph, we might not even be able to find you then!" A peculiar voice suddenly rang out in the crowd.

"That's right. You must compensate us now!"

"Compensation! You must compensate us!"

"Who is speaking? Come on out if you have the nerve!" Richard shouted, enraged.

"They don't want to compensate us at all! They're forcing us to our deaths!" Once again, a sharp voice instigated the crowd.

"The Tower is under Lynch. Look for him and get those in his family to compensate us with money!"

This immediately sparked the emotions of the Tower merchants who were already agitated beyond belief over the Tower being sealed shut.

"Compensate us with money! You must compensate us!"

"Grab ahold of Lynch!"

The atmosphere at the entrance of the Tower was slowly becoming more violent.

"This won't do! Mr. Lynch, leave!" Richard gasped for air before grabbing Franklin's arm and pushing him outward.

"Lynch is trying to escape!"

"Grab Lynch! We can't let him escape!"

In a moment, unrest surged through the crowd. Pairs of big hands grabbed at Franklin. Among those hands, there was a sudden flash of a cold blade.

It happened so suddenly. Richard could only widen his eyes and watch as a sharp dagger slashed before his eyes.

He was caught off-guard and overwhelmed with shock. He could only exclaim, "Be careful!"

A large hand suddenly reached out to knock the dagger away with one hand when the person saw that the dagger was about to stab Franklin, who was still surprised by the sudden outburst by the crowd, in the chest.

A blood-curdling scream suddenly rang out in the crowd.

Ocho, who had single-handedly eliminated the danger of Franklin getting stabbed, defended him from the front and said quietly, "Mr. Lynch, it's dangerous here. Let me escort you out."

"Mr. Ramirez, let's go together." Franklin shouted at Richard.

"Mr. Lynch, you leave first. I'll bring up the rear." Richard gritted his teeth and gestured with his hands.

Ocho turned his head to look at him deeply, then escorted Franklin out of the crowd.

"Oh no! Lynch is escaping!"

"Grab him! Don't let Lynch escape!"

"Move!"

Seeing the people blocking him, Ocho saw the flash of a blade before his eyes.

Suddenly, he felt a cold blade sliced diagonally across his back.

It was like Ocho had eyes on his back. He slapped it away backhandedly.

Chapter 239

"Ah! Lynch is beating people up!" In the crowd, an unbelievably sharp voice suddenly rang out.

"How dare he! He's the one that caused our stores to be sealed shut, and now he has the nerve to lay his hands on others! Get him!"

"If you want us to die, don't think that you can live! Get him!"

Hearing that in succession, multiple store merchants saw red one by one.

The Tower was sealed shut and the large amount of funds they had invested was gone. Some of the store merchants took out loans or put their houses up for collateral to get the money to purchase large amounts of stock.

Thinking of how they had lost everything and how the lives of their family would go down the drain before their eyes, many store merchants were furious and looked livid.

“Get him!”

Someone called out, and it was like a barrel of gasoline had been lit. The air at the entrance of the Tower instantly became hysterical.

Faced with the crowd of raging store merchants, Richard’s face went pale. “Don’t be too hasty. It’s not as serious as you think it is! Mr. Lynch and I will definitely…”

“You bastard! I’ll kill you!”

Before Richard could finish speaking, he heard a vicious voice in his ear. Suddenly, a fist appeared before his eyes. With a thump, it slammed hard into the bridge of his nose.

“Mr. Ramirez!”

A few steps away, Franklin’s face changed, and he cried out loud as he saw Richard being engulfed by the crowd in the blink of an eye.

“Mr. Lynch, let’s leave.” Ocho, who was protecting him from the front, had a slightly cold expression as he saw the crowd that was surging over.

“Lynch, I’m not done with you!” A fist came at him following the loud outcry.

With an icy expression, Ocho took one step forward and threw a punch. Bam. A figure flew and fell heavily into the surging crowd.

While the crowd was in a mess, Ocho grabbed Franklin’s arm and pushed their way out of the crowd.

At this time, a black Land Rover stopped hurriedly by the side of Oriental Tower.

Seeing his father being pursued by a crowd of people, Jacob got out of the car in an instant and rushed forward in a grave manner.

Raising his head to see his son, Franklin panicked. He waved his hand and cried out in a rush, “Jay, leave!”

With a dark face and heavy coldness at the tip of his brows, Jacob went around his father and blocked the crowd that was surging forward. “Everyone, stop!”

While he cried out coldly, wisps of dense air surged toward the crowd of people like waves of a tide.

The people at the front were first to feel the force of his strength that was as imposing as the mountains and as vast as the sea. Instantly, their four limbs became numb, and their faces paled. It was as if a wild, giant creature had suddenly appeared in front of them with its mouth open wide. It was terrifying, and they were beside themselves.

Following that, the rest of the crowd felt it as well. Their four limbs went stiff, and their faces paled.

The bystanders around them saw the strange scene. Many running forward aggressively suddenly stopped moving, as if they had been hit with an immobilization talisman.

“What’s wrong? Why aren’t they running?”

“Who’s that young man? Why did all the store merchants in the Tower stop moving when he cried “Are they shooting a movie? Where’s the camera?”

Amongst the faint buzzing of discussions, Jacob turned around to look at his father. “Dad, are you hurt?”

“I... I’m fine!” Franklin shook his head while gasping hard for air.

After pausing for a while, Franklin couldn’t be bothered to wonder why those people stopped because his son shouted at them. He looked at the crowd behind them and his eyes were filled with worry. “Mr. Ramirez has fallen on the ground because he was trying to stop those... those people!”

“Dad, it’s dangerous here. Get in the car.” After saying that, Jacob made his way to the crowd.

Chapter 240

One step, two steps, three steps. Traces of deadly air rushed forward like an invisible arrow and pierced the hearts of the store merchants.

While their energy was being hindered, the store merchants felt like their breathing was cut off. Their minds went blank, and they couldn’t help but stumble backward.

Not long after, the figure of Richard appeared. He had fallen on the ground and fresh blood was flowing out of his nose incessantly.

“Mr. Ramirez,” Jacob cried out shrilly before reaching his hand out to pull Richard up.

Jacob stared coldly at the frightened store merchants who suddenly did not know how to react before making his way to the car with his father and Richard.

Click. The car doors shut, and Franklin could finally calm down.

“Boss, the instigator behind the scenes wasn’t at the scene.” Jerry, who was in the driver’s seat, looked away and shook his head.

“I understand.” Jacob nodded without saying anymore. He scratched at his brows and said, “Drive.”

When they got back to the Pavillion, they formed a line as they headed up from the parking lot.

In the elevator, Jacob said to Richard, “Mr. Ramirez, you were wronged today. I’ll get my people to check on it later. Stay at the hotel and rest for these two days.”

“I wasn’t injured much. I don’t need to rest!” Richard waved his hand.

Franklin, who was at one side, said, “Don’t be so courteous. Just rest when you’re told to. Furthermore, the Tower is sealed shut, so you don’t have anything else to do.”

“Yes, the Tower has been sealed shut...” A trace of sadness appeared on Richard’s face.

Seeing his reaction, Franklin couldn’t help but sigh. “Ah, just treat it as a holiday.”

“Dad, Mr. Ramirez, don’t worry. I’ll get whoever instructed Oriental Tower to be shut down to personally unseal it by tomorrow at the latest.” A terrifying look flickered across Jacob’s eyes.

After settling his dad and Mr. Ramirez, who were feeling a little down, Jacob led Jerry and Ocho back to Suite No. 2.

Once they were in the room, Jerry hung his head and reflected, “Boss, I’m sorry. I didn’t arrange security well, and it endangered Mr. Lynch.”

Jacob shook his head. “Manpower is tight these two days. I was the one who instructed the reduction of security. It has nothing to do with you.”

“I’ll send someone to take care of the hidden hand behind the scenes right away!” Raising his head, the killing intent in Jerry’s eyes was intense.

There was frost at the tip of Jacob’s brows. In a quiet voice, he said, “It’s alright. Let him live for another day.”

He wanted to settle his daughter’s affairs before taking revenge on Jaylen for what happened back then, but since Jaylen couldn’t wait...

Jacob would help Jaylen achieve that by taking care of the Meteorites tonight!

A menacing look flashed across his eyes. Jacob turned to look at Ocho. "Inform Tres and tell him to arrange for Dragon Guardians to go to Moira's company and hospital. You can't overestimate the limits of certain people."

"Yes, sir." Ocho said respectfully while bowing. "I'll be going now."

"Boss, after tonight, I want the whole of Paramount to be submerged in the fear of Shadow Squad!" Jerry tightened his fists. His eyes were vicious.

"Let's talk after tonight." Jacob sat on the couch and his eyes were slightly narrowed. "Notify me in three hours."

"Alright, boss. I'll be leaving now." Jerry nodded then turned to leave.

At the same time, at the Logistics Department of the West District Office, Jaylen was moving into a big and expansive office. He put down his cell phone with a dark expression. "It failed? Hmph, luck is on your side! But it's alright, I have plenty of time. I can slowly play with you!"